

and convicted sinners, that they 'are often brought to a point in their existence, when, by the most trivial circumstance—a mere breath, of influence one way or the other—their condition is settled for eternity.' Among the illustrations, which he has drawn from facts, he relates the following.

'The younger Lord Littleton was in early life the subject of deep religious impressions, under the influence of which as he informs us, he retired at a particular time to his chamber to pray with the intention of committing his soul to God. As he was on the point of kneeling to engage in prayer, he concluded to turn aside and close his window shutters. At the window he saw a band of musicians parading through the streets. The splendor of their appearance caught his eye; their aspiring notes ravished his ear; he rushed from his apartment to the street, joined in the crowd, banished his seriousness, and felt the strivings of the Spirit no more.'

We cannot doubt that there are thousands in our land, and many who will take up this paper and read this article, with whom the present is that critical moment, fraught with eternal life or death to the soul. In regard to others, it has just passed, but with results as different and wide from each other as heaven and hell. Some have seized the golden moment, and thrown themselves, as helpless sinners, into the arms of divine mercy, and obtained pardon of sin, and have a glorious happy eternity in prospect. Others, by a tremendous violence to the dictates of their own conscience, have formed a contrary purpose, turned away from God, and peace will never visit their souls. The apathy which attends a seared conscience may blind them in part, from a distinct perception of their ultimate doom; but there will be intervals—and they will be more frequent and distressing as that doom draws near—when they will be tormented with that fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which will devour the adversaries of God.—*London Revivalist.*

A Joyful Surprise.

On the morning of the first day of the late election an interesting sight might have been witnessed in a low dilapidated dwelling some where in this goodly city. At the place and time mentioned there might have been seen, sitting at a scantily furnished breakfast table, a man with good phenological developments, a prepossessing physical structure, but with a countenance moody and irritable. On his right hand sat a woman, his wife, little if any past the meridian of life, but exhibiting traces of a premature fading of a face and figure still mildly beautiful. At his left sat his daughter,—a yet unblighted copy of her patient but sorrow stricken mother—in all the healthfulness of incipient womanhood. In this young woman's eye tears were gathering, and as she turned her timid face towards her moody father they might have been seen glistening like the pearly drops of a summer morning, as the first beams of the sun glances on their crystal surface. Her heart was full, and her voice tremulous, as she at length gained courage sufficiently to ejaculate, "Father!" The moody man started as though the sounds of long forgotten melody echoed in his ears. He bent his gaze inquiringly on his trembling child and in accents unusually soft for him, said, "Well, Bell, what would you?" "Bell" felt emboldened, and dressing her face in a sweet, pleading smile, replied, "I would, father, that you would not go to the election to-day." The frown reappeared—it was stern and bitter, as he asked sharply, "Why not?" Bell could not answer. She seemed anxious to escape the angry gaze of a father whom but a moment before she hoped to conciliate. She was about to withdraw, when a voice of startling fierceness said to her, "Girl, look on your father! You, but a child, presume to counsel him as to what he should do, and in this you doubtless act as the agent of your mother. I could have borne to have been called a drunkard,—a drunkard!"—and a shiver passed over him,—but "continued he,—"to have it insinuated by a child is too much. I shall go to the election, so, bring me my hat." No word of remonstrance was heard, and the miserable man rushed from his dwelling. That day bitter tears were shed round the hearthstone of Powell P.— Noon came, but so did not the father of the grief stricken Isabel. Night too with its darkness loneliness, drew its curtains round, but no signs of the return of the infatuated—the fallen father and husband. Tediously wore the hours of night away. Often did the mother and daughter instinctively cling to each other as some casual noise induced the belief that the object of their solicitude had indeed come; but how did they dread to encounter the frowns—mayhap the imberbed curses, of him, who was the cause of their rigils! At length the hour of midnight sounded, and as its echoes died away, the footsteps of the expected one were heard. How wildly did the heart of mother and daughter beat as Powell P. entered the door so long and eagerly watched! He was there, before them, but not noisy—not harsh—for he was sober, calm, and collected. So great was the joy of the wife and daughter, that neither could give utterance to the wild emotions that played around their hearts; but they would not have spoken then, for words, least the echo of a voice should have dispelled what seemed a pleasing illusion.

"Mabel! Isabel!" were the first words that greeted their ears, and in a moment both were crying for joy on his bosom.

We need not detail the affecting conversation which followed, nor the joyful surprise with which the mother and daughter heard his resolves and hopes. It will all be sufficiently understood from a single expression of Powell P. as his daughter was about to retire to rest. They were the sweetest words her ears had heard for many a long, long day. They were "good night, my child, and may God ever bless you—you have saved your father."

The father had been to the election—he went predestinated to drink—to get drunk—but as he was about to raise the first dram to his mouth, the pleading countenance of his daughter seemed to rise before him. His good genius prevailed—the glass was replaced unostentatiously on the counter—he left the place, and with a high moral purpose hastened to enrol himself among the advocates of temperance. The pledge has been religiously kept—the visage of his mild and amiable wife is fast losing its careworn expression—"Bell" has become the joyous, hoping being she was designed to be, while Powell P. is fast regaining all his former vigor and nobleness. Often do these contented beings talk over past scenes, while the amiable "Mabel" fails not to designate the night of which we have spoken as that of "The joyful surprise."—*Rochester Daily Advertiser.*

How to make a Minister a good one.

1. Pray for him; that his heart and mind may be enriched by God; an important rule.

2. Pay him well; so that his mind may be on his appropriate work.

3. Fill up his library with useful books; so that he may have an inexhaustible fountain, from which to draw supplies for his edification.

4. Be sure to give him all his mornings, until 12 o'clock, for study. You should not steal the provender from the manger of your horse, and then fret because of his leanness.

5. Never speak of his faults to any man. One word gone out of your mouth, is as bad as twenty kept in. Do you not know that when you have spoken a word against him, you feel compelled, right or wrong, to substantiate it? His faults, like snow balls, increase by being rolled about.

6. Always speak well of him; for there is no one but of whom you can say some good. The good you say of him, will lead others to think and speak well of him too. Remember the man who flung away the pearl, because he did not know its worth.

7. Always say some kind and encouraging word to him, when you meet him. Do you not suppose your minister is a man, has a heart, and can be incited to exertion for you by the kind words you address him?

8. Visit him frequently with some little present in your hand. This will make him love you. And his affection for you, it is important you should cultivate. Make your minister love you.

9. Never meddle with his labors, but leave him to preach what he pleases, and pursue such measures and plans as he thinks wise. Quarrels here spoil many ministers.

10. Go to him for advice in relation to your measures and plans for doing good; and then see to it that you follow his advice. It is more of the mule than the man, not to be advised.

11. Be in your place every Sabbath, and at every religious meeting. Then, and only then, can you appreciate what he does.

12. Fasten up a copy of these rules where you can read them easily; then read them at least once a week, and if especially a sinner against them, read them every day, as you go to your closet. Perhaps you had better put up a copy on the meeting-house door; perhaps on your pew door. It might be advantageous to give away a copy now and then.

Observe these rules, gentle reader, and in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred you will have a good minister. Observe them, and though by nature he is far from what you want him to be, it will make him a good one. Violate them, and in ninety-nine cases out of an hundred you will have a poor minister indeed. Violate them, and though in fact you have a first rate man, it will, to a certainty, make him to you a poor minister.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Boys! Go to School!

The holidays are over; the Christmas vacation is at an end, and you have played enough to serve you till next August. Then, go to school, and endeavor to cultivate your minds by making the best use you can of such opportunities as are open to you. There are the public schools—they opened yesterday; and the private, too—they are numerous, and their teachers will be glad to receive you. But this is a matter rather for the consideration of your parents than yourselves; but notwithstanding this, it might be well enough for you to think of it now. At any rate, you had better run right home and ask your mothers to rig you out in your cleanest trim, pick up your books, and "put right out" for school somewhere or other, as quick as possible. You are little boys now, and you will be men in a few years now, and the more you learn now, the better it will be for you hereafter; so now—boys! go to school.

Girls! you hear what we have been saying to the boys—do you? "Yes," you say. Then heed it, will you? It applies to you as well as to them, so you will go to school too—will you not?—*Bell Sun.*

CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1842.

The Family Newspaper.

What an instrument is it for good or evil! The time has now come in which the Newspaper is as much an indispensable to the convenience and comfort of a family, as an alarm-clock. Among all the hills and valleys of New England, how seldom will you find a home, provided with the ordinary necessities of life, and occupied by honest, sober-minded people, into which the weekly paper does not come, with its long columns of reading matter, and regular supply of current news. And how warmly is it welcomed! and how eagerly read! First, the father takes it; and having with unwonted dexterity transferred his spectacles to their official seat, unfolds the treasure, and feasts upon its contents, perhaps an hour. Then a daughter takes it, reads the poetry and stories, laughing or weeping as occasion requires—and then, she passes it to her almost impatient brother. So it goes through the whole family. Sometimes one reads aloud, while the others sit round and hear. It is all read once over, and—much of it twice. The common weekly newspaper is an attractive volume, of the largest size, put into the hands of as many families, as the paper has subscribers, every successive week. And what does that volume cost? A fraction over four cents. Cheap almost as the atmosphere of heaven. We cannot wonder at the great amount of newspaper circulation, when a thing so valuable, so useful and attractive, is exchanged for such a trifle. The wonder is that the man can be found anywhere, with means sufficient to feed and clothe his family, who will say he cannot afford to take a paper. But it is the influence of the family newspaper, of which we would now speak. Says Melville, one of the most profound and original thinkers of England, "It is not possible that our periodicals should be carrying to the workshop of the artisan, and the cottage of the laborer an actual library of varied intelligence, without producing a universal outstretch of mind—whether for good or whether for evil." How obvious the truth of this assertion. "It" says one, "an author of olden times, Herodotus, for instance, who published his history by reading it aloud at the Olympic games, could be permitted to revisit the earth and see the operations of a single press, and be told that it would in a few days penetrate to the most sequestered retreats in the land—that its contents would be read to a million of people within a single week, would he not exclaim—What a means of communicating the precepts of Divine philosophy—the great truths of history—everything that man should know! What a blessed privilege your writers and teachers enjoy?" But more than this. These newspapers are biasing the opinions, and forming the characters of thousands and tens of thousands. They are planting in the breasts of the young the seeds of truth, or of error, the principles of virtue or of vice. While they enlighten, they persuade. While they instruct, they form. They give to the mind its preferences, tendencies, impressions. They write lines, every week, with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond, on the deathless soul.

What immense importance then is attached to a family newspaper. What a responsible situation is that of an Editor. Who may not connive at sin with more impunity than he? Who not cherish an error, with more safety? He, of all men, should be true to himself and to God. His aim should be higher than success or popularity. He should remember that he selects and writes for the forming intellects of a generation, and for eternity; that, though a cheap newspaper be the medium through which he speaks, his influence may be as wide as the air, and as lasting as the dominion of Jehovah.

Few questions are more important to the father of a rising family, at this day, than the question, which, of all the papers coming under his notice, he shall select for his own perusal, and for the perusal of his children. He will, of course, prefer such as advocate his own views; but he has views on a great variety of subjects, moral and religious, on all of which he wishes himself and his family to be informed. And yet perhaps he does not wish to take—has not time to read—more than one good family paper in the week. We presume that this is the fact with a large majority of those, who either are, or will be, subscribers of the Christian Reflector. They will take no other religious paper. What kind of a paper then will they need and want?

Now this is a question we are going to try to answer. We will leave the editorial chair to a few moments, and enter some one of the three thousand intelligent and happy families into which this article may find its way. We make ourselves acquainted. We find that the elder children, with the parents, profess piety. We find that you are all Baptists. We find that you are great friends to the Missionary cause; deeply interested for the Abolition of Slavery; all members of the Sabbath School. We perceive that you constitute one of those delightful family circles, where, to make each other happy, and all your fellow beings happy, so far as your prayers and influence can extend, is the chief and constant aim. To you, then, a family newspaper is a matter of great importance. But what its characteristics must be, to benefit, and gratify you, we can easily imagine.

In the first place, it must be truly a religious paper. "Christian" must not only be an appellation to its name, but a true index of its character. The combined tendency of its pages must be, to elevate the piety and promote the spirituality—as well as to inform the understanding, and enlarge the views of its readers. It must be a paper from the pen of one who can rise, without a deeper conviction of the truth and power of the religion of Jesus Christ, and (if he be a Christian) a stronger desire to possess its spirit, and to extend its influence. Another of its prominent characteristics must be, that it records with the spirit of the times. In its liberal and philanthropic views, it must keep up with the age. Instead of waiting till public opinion is formed on every important subject, it must step forward and help to form it. You do not wish a "conservative" paper. You do not wish a paper, that is afraid to speak the truth lest it should incur a frown of dignity, on a

loss of patronage. To suit you, it must neither quibble nor conceal. Whatever affects the great interests of society—whatever agitates the public mind—whatever tells for or against the progress of liberty and the march of truth, you wish to know. And especially the action of churches and ecclesiastical bodies with reference to the various moral and religious enterprises of the age, it is all important that your paper should inform you. Again, your paper must be philanthropic. It must have a "large heart." You wish to know what the claims of humanity are; you wish to feel them; and so far as God gives you the ability, to answer them. You prefer that your sympathies for the oppressed should be often exerted. And whatever your paper can do, to aid their cause, you are gratified to see done. You are the friends of every enterprise which seeks to meliorate the condition, improve the character, and save the souls of your fellow beings—of whatever complexion, and whatever clime. You want a paper that is so true.

You would prefer too, that the distinctive principles of your denomination, the independence of the churches, and the doctrines of faith as they were originally delivered, should be appropriately recognized. You would like, moreover, that the paper should possess an interesting variety; that it should recognize the family relation—giving instructive hints, and pleasing narratives; and that it should afford you a summary of the most important secular news of the day. Last, but not least, you would wish it to be well printed, with a fair and neat impression, on a large and handsome sheet.

Now tell us, is it not such a paper that you have for a long time been seeking? We only add, that such a paper we intend to make the "Christian Reflector." It originated in a demand, from the churches, for a medium through which they might communicate, to each other, their views and acts, with reference to one of the most momentous questions of this eventful age. It shall remain such a medium. It shall never forget its origin, nor its end. It has launched on an open sea, and therefore fears no Charybdis on the one hand, or Scylla on the other. With "Truth and Love" inscribed on its banner, and with weapons of warfare not carnal but spiritual, it will defend its principles, and make its conquests.

Man his own Accuser.

It is true that in the last great day, God will judge us by his own standard, and that alone. It is equally true, that whoever is condemned there, will be condemned on his own principles. In other words, if no other principles were recognized and adhered to, in the final judgment, than what are daily acted upon, on the farm, in the workshop, and in the counting-house, the case of an impenitent sinner would still be hopeless. He would still have every thing to apprehend in the results of that trial. This point admits of abundant proof, and one illustration of it will give.

It is a principle universally admitted among men, that every subject should receive a degree of attention proportioned to its intrinsic magnitude, and our personal interest in it. Subjects that are very momentous and interesting in themselves, even if they have no relation to our own concerns, will generally command our attention. And every subject, however trivial, if we have an interest embarked in it, has our attention at once. But if the subject be itself grand, and our stake in it great, then it acts upon our feelings, and influences our decisions and conduct in a twofold degree—with a double power. We give it our first and highest attention. We allow it the chief place in the soul. And it is reasonable that we should.

But does this principle govern us with reference to the claims of religion and eternity? Is not the subject of the soul's eternal well-being, one of great—yes, inconceivable magnitude in itself, and has not every man the most important interests in it at stake? Most assuredly; and yet, in how many instances, no regard whatever is paid to it—it is allowed no place in the thoughts; the merest trifles are permitted completely to supersede it.

"This is the bud of being, the dim dawn, The twilight of our day, the vestibule." "Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts; Here pinions all his wishes; though winged by Heaven To fly to infinite!"

This world is but a speck beside the ether; its riches, heaps of dust; its honors, children's toys; its troubles, useless dreams; and yet it has our exclusive attention. In a few years, and it may be before to-morrow's dawn, we are in heaven or hell. The bare possibility that the last may be our condition, ought to create the most intense solicitude; and if there be anything in the declarations of the Bible or our own characters, which renders such a fate probable, just in proportion to that probability ought our concern to be increased.

"But I do not know that there is a heaven and a hell," says one. Then greater still is your folly. That a man should leave such a momentous question undecided—should go on from one day to another, amid all the exposures to death, contented with not knowing, or being persuaded in his own mind, whether or not his soul is immortal and bound to heaven or hell, and this too, when thousands around him unite in asserting it, and declare they have the most convincing proofs of it—is certainly one of the strangest inconsistencies imaginable. Whether the doctrines of "Orthodoxy" are true, or not—a neglect of the subject of religion admits of no possible excuse. Such folly with regard to the things of this world would procure to a man the charge of madness or idiocy. And this is one way in which the sinner's own principles will condemn him in the last great day.

Reviews.

PROVIDENCE, Jan. 1, 1842.
To the Editor of the Christian Reflector.

DEAR FRIENDS!—In answer to the solicitations of friends I find I must take a few moments from the numerous duties that are now pressing upon me, to give you a brief account of the work of grace now enjoyed in this city. Want of time must apologize for brevity, as well as for confining my remarks to the part of the city in which it is my happiness to labor. Bro. Knapp began to preach to us on the 19th of September—a time of general death and coldness throughout the city. The Church came tardily to the work, and several weeks elapsed before much interest was manifested; at length the presence of the Spirit began to be felt; the Church was humbled, and the spirit of fervent prayer was manifested by many of its members. Several fast days were appointed and proved to be of the highest benefit to us; during these days there

was breathed forth a spirit of piety deeper and richer than it had ever been my privilege to witness either in this Church or any other. Before this time the spirit of inquiry was abroad among the impenitent, and many were converted to God. And thus the work went on increasing in power and interest, both within and without the Church, up to the time when Bro. K. left us, when there were about four hundred and fifty in all hopefully converted to God.

At the time when Bro. K. left us, we were apprehensive that the interest would diminish. In this, however, we have been happily disappointed. Instead of diminishing, it has increased. Our meetings are continued every evening, and no one has, as yet, closed, without bringing to light new cases of conversion, and giving us fresh cause to rejoice and take courage. Doubtless there never was a time in the history of this city, when so much of the presence of God was felt as this.

A large majority of the converts are males of the most substantial class in society, very many of them husbands and fathers. There was among us a large class of moral men, sitting under every variety of preaching and religious influence for many years without being saved. This class is now entirely broken up, and almost entirely converted.

The number of the impenitent in this section of the city is now small, and with very few exceptions, trembling in their loneliness; they are asking, with depressed countenances, "What shall we do to be saved?"

Within the last ten weeks I have baptized one hundred and twelve happy converts; and there are scores more among us who are now rejoicing in hope, and are soon expected to follow Christ into the baptismal waters.

I should do violence to my conscience should I close this brief account without alluding more directly to our beloved Bro. Knapp, whose labors have been so signally blessed to us in the revival of the churches, and in the conversion of souls. Among us there is but one feeling of unmingled confidence and affection. He has borne away with him our strongest and tenderest sympathies, and we shall ever delight to cherish emotions of devout gratitude to God for having in his providence directed his steps to us.

Yours truly,
T. C. JAMESON.

LISBON, N. H.—A correspondent of the Morning Star, in giving account of a revival at Lisbon, says: "One hundred and twenty-two have been received by the church since I came here; and I have baptized seven Sabbath in succession—one hundred and one in the whole. Nine more have related their experience for baptism, and will go forward next Sabbath, which number will probably be increased to nearly twenty. The work is still extending. Meetings are held every evening. Can get but little time to rest, and sometimes think that I shall wear out, and say my bones among the hills of Lisbon. At our last monthly meeting, one hundred and sixty-seven testimonies were given for God; and it being Thanksgiving-day many witnessed that they had never enjoyed so truly a Thanksgiving to God; and others that they had attended monthly meetings for twenty and thirty years, but had never seen so good a monthly meeting before. Among the number baptized was one whose experience commenced under the preaching of Elder John Colby, and one of seventy years of age, who had lived in the place all his days, seen many powerful reformations, drank to excess a long time, but is now a sober, temperate and happy Christian. And another who witnessed that rum had made his life a scene of horror and degradation, and that he once actually visited the woods to put an end to his existence, but there thought that temperance and religion would save him; and signing the pledge and seeking religion with all his heart, he sought not in vain; but is now a decided temperance man of the church. The Sabbath school, too, has had its influence in the promotion of this revival. It is but duty to remark, that though through the instrumentality of human agency, God has accomplished great things in this revival; yet we can but acknowledge, that chiefly by the mysterious and wonderful workings of his providence, he has travelled in the greatness of his strength to save us. The oldest Christians say, they never saw such a work before. The distinguishing characteristic of this work are solemnity and great power. The great body of the converts are young men, in the prime and vigor of life, some of whose fathers have recently been called from the church below, to join the church above; and to hear them tell of going to the graveyard near by, and there, prostrate and kneeling on a father's grave, confessing their sins to God and their neglect of a father's dying counsels and solemn warnings, signs impressed the conviction that a parent's prayers and tears are never lost. We are constrained to say, "This is the Lord's doings and wondrous in our eyes." To him alone be all the praise.

KINDERHOOK, N. Y.—The little Baptist church in this birth-place and present residence of Ex-President Van Buren, has been greatly strengthened by the presence of God among them, and the signal displays of his grace and power in the conversion of sinners. Twenty-six have been baptized, and others are ready.

WARREN CO., N. J.—A revival has been enjoyed by the Delaware Baptist church in this county. On Friday, Nov. 12th, nineteen willing converts were baptized in the Delaware river, by Elder Spencer; and the Sabbath two more by Elder Norris.

LOGAN'S VALLEY AND LEWISTOWN, PA.—These places have each been blessed with revivals. In the former, they have recently erected a house of worship. "Go where you will, says a correspondent of the Bap. Rec., through this region, you will find the cause rapidly advancing. In comparing the appearance of things here now, with what it was seven years ago, I cannot but exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'"

PRESTON, CT.—Forty-two persons have recently been added to the church in this place. The Lord is also blessing the First Baptist Church in Colchester.

Missionary Intelligence.

GREECE.—The Missionary Magazine for January contains interesting communications from Mr. Buel. He describes the baptism of a Greek child—the breathing of the priest three times in its face—his prayers for the exorcism of evil spirits—his interrogatories to the god-father, each three times repeated—his sanctifying the water and the cup of oil by breathing on them three times—the anointing of the child's body, the breast, "for the cure of the soul," the ears "for the hearing of faith" &c.—then the "true-immersion, in which the child is dipped, feet foremost, into the font three times, according to the number of persons in the Trinity. This is followed with a second anointing, a presentation of jewelry, and various formulas and prayers, which Mr. B. has particularly related—the whole a strange mixture of things sacred and profane. "There seemed," says Mr. B., "to be little regard to solemnity during the ceremony; on the contrary at every considerable pause, the company would fall into a jovial conversation about the scene before them, in which the priest very heartily participated. "It is upon such superstitions and cere-

monies, adds Mr. B., that the Greeks rely for salvation. Their baptism and the intercession of the virgin are the Alpha and Omega of their religion. It is truly affecting to observe the apparent sincerity and veneration with which many Greeks of considerable intelligence regard their 'holy baptism.' A Greek can never be prosed, but he is subject to a change of heart without his intrenching himself behind this refuge. 'Baptism is the first and most essential mystery, by which a person becomes a member of God's family, and a partaker of eternal life.' In baptism God gives to a person the forgiveness of sins, through the mediation of the Son; this signifying, that, as the body of the baptized is washed with water, so the soul, by the grace of God, is washed and cleansed from sin according to the words of our Lord, 'Except a man be born of water, and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' Thus reads the Church catechism.

Of course it is a great piece of arrogance, for foreigners to come among a nation of Christians to teach them religion. The Greeks interpret the commission of our Lord, thus: 'He commanded the apostles to disciple the heathen not 'Christians,' and the words are, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' We have no divine authority for discarding and baptizing Greeks, who are already a nation of baptized Christians.' The Greeks hold that 'they are born with Christian blood in them, and that baptism is only a change of name, and an inward grace, which they have inherited from Christian parents.' This very remark was made, the other day, by a school inspector of this island, in conversation with Constantinople. The latter had only to refer him to John 1: 13; 'Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.'

The few never placed greater reliance upon circumcision, than the Greeks do upon baptism. If the former believed that 'no circumcised descendant of Abraham could be lost,'—the Greeks believe as firmly, that for no crime can he be in danger of damnation, if he but continues in the faith of the church.

It is wrong, it is criminal unfaithfulness to the truth, and to the souls of men, to spare such dogmas, whether from fear, or from deference to religious prejudices. What then shall be thought of the wisdom or the benevolence of those, who would dissuade us from bringing the truth to bear upon the destructive superstitions of this people, especially as it is difficult, if not impossible, ever to state the simple and saving truths of the gospel, without touching and arousing those superstitions? Pray how could Paul have preached the gospel to the Jews, if he had been silent on the subject of circumcision?"

Mr. B. tells us that the common people are not allowed to read their own Scriptures— that the New Testament in ancient Greek, is ordained to be read in the churches in the course of the year, but is unintelligible to the mass of the people, and even a learned Greek can make nothing out of it, when read in the long-drawn, sing-song tone of the parish priest. He says further, that their Scriptures are exceedingly mutilated, many passages being expunged. They are miscellaneous arranged—short collections for every Sabbath, and for different occasions taken from any and every part of the New Testament, and jumbled together on no principle but that of confusion.

Professing to contain the whole New Testament, these books are a deception. The genuineness of the omitted passages cannot, however, be disputed, since they are found in the Russian Greek Bible, whose authority is never questioned.

Mr. B. speaks most encouragingly of Apostles, and the prospects of a native ministry. "It seems to be the design of Providence 'to open an effectual door' for the preaching of the gospel in this country through the instrumentality of a native ministry. Such a result we wish to keep specially in mind. There are in this land, abundant materials for this right arm of an efficient missionary establishment. Of this fact we have some gratifying evidences in the case of our beloved Br. Apostolos, not to mention now another who promises much as a fellow-laborer, at a distant point of view. It is an especial cause for gratitude, that the two young men besides Apostolos, who are now regarded by us as dear brethren in the Lord, seem to be peculiarly fitted, in many respects to become pioneers in the work of evangelizing their countrymen.

Concerning Apostolos, we can speak with gratifying assurance. He has just left us for Patras, after a visit of three weeks, which he made to Corfu at our request. His services at Patras have assumed a very interesting character. Having taken charge of a depository of books for gratuitous distribution, he has been busied morning till night with applicants and visitors who called for religious conversation. To make a judicious disposal of his books, and to be eminently useful as a religious teacher, he seems to be well qualified, and his knowledge of the Greek language, and his acquaintance with the Scriptures, and the lively interest he takes in giving the gospel to his benighted and deluded countrymen. Influenced by this motive, and by the providential circumstances alluded to, he has felt it to be his duty to relinquish his employment, though it subjected him to considerable pecuniary sacrifice, and to enter the service of the Board, as an assistant. If a new missionary were sent to Patras to-day, it would be three years before he could be as directly and extensively useful as Apostolos is. We commend him, and the two disciples of whom he speaks, and the little band of inquirers at that station, to the prayers of God's people, and to the kind notice of the Board."

GERMANY.—The little Baptist church in Berlin, under the pastoral care of Mr. Lehmann, have been forbidden by Mr. L.'s landlord to worship, as they had been accustomed to do, in "his own hired house." But they have succeeded in hiring a large hall in the midst of the city, and thus, the Lord in his all-overruling wisdom has turned the schemes of their adversaries to the propagation of his sacred truth. They are, however, unable to pay the rent they have pledged, and confidently appeal to their friends in America, for the necessary aid. Their number is rapidly increasing, and their faith is strong. "The establishment of a Baptist-church," says Mr. L., in the metropolis of our influential State is such an important thing, and the auspices are now so favorable, that we must do every thing to promote this momentous object, which may, under divine grace, be the means of promoting religious liberty, and the introduction of biblical truth in general all over the protestant part of our continent.

The price of our intended place of worship will be a little more than 300 dollars of our currency, and it is only in faith and confidence in the Christian charity of our brethren, that in full view of the poverty of our members we are bold enough to undertake such a work."

The church in Bitterfeld is suffering severe trials, both from external opposition and divisions among themselves. The church at Memel prospers. A number are waiting to be baptized. Mr. L. closes his letter to the Board, in the following pathetic manner.

"Now, dear brethren, farewell. Think on us in your prayers, above all,—as we do for you beyond the ocean, and for all our brethren on the globe. Our monthly concert is at every time a great festival to us. Then we feel the truth and comfort and importance of our Master's words, John xvii. 21, "that they may all be one."

Now, in this sweet feeling, all our brethren here salute you most heartily."

THE NESTORIANS.—One of the most interesting fields of Missionary labor now presented to the view of Christians, is that among the Nestorians in Persia. The American Board have received recent intelligence from

from Dr. Grant, whose former tour to the independent Nestorians, a secluded people among the mountains, our readers doubtless remember. He has now gone to establish a permanent mission among them.

"He reached the residence of the Patriarch on the 4th of September, and was received by him with such marked evidences of kindness, as to leave no doubt that all his previous professions were sincere. He told Dr. Grant to choose his place of residence, and said that he would appoint some one to accompany him in his explorations. Dr. G. writes that the preaching of the gospel must take the precedence of Schools and Academies of learning; the work of converting the Nestorians, and that a considerable increase of the number of Missionaries is indispensable. No one station is sufficient. He receives frequent and earnest invitations to settle in different parts of the country."

We are astonished to learn that the Pope has his eye fixed on that important field, and has already sent into that country three times as many missionaries as the Board. Protestants are slumbering, but Papists are awake.

It is said that Syria is more and more threatened by Popery, under the guise of Puseyism, "a heresy which now portends more evil to Protestant Missions in every quarter of the globe, than all others put together."

CONSTANTINOPLE.—Mr. Goodell, under date of Nov. 8th, in a most happy characteristic, says—"You will rejoice to hear that I have this day completed my translation of the Old Testament into the Armeno-Turkish language. On the completion of this great work, I fell on my knees, and could not but exclaim, with tears: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul.' The New Testament was finished in 1829."

MISSIONARY HYMN.—The following spirited and beautiful hymn, was composed and sent, with \$10, to pay for printing it, to be sung at the last Missionary Concert in Park St. Church. It was set to music by Lowell Mason, and sung in the course of the exercises, we are told, with thrilling effect.

Hark! hark! a shout of joy!

The world, the world, is calling!

In East and West, in North and South.

See Satan's kingdom falling!

Wake! wake! the church of God,

And dissipate thy slumbers!

Shake off thy deadly slumber,

And marshal all thy numbers.

Trust—not the faithful God;

His promise is unfulfilling!

The prayer of faith can pierce the skies—

Its breath is all-prevailing.

Look! look! the fields are white,

And stay thy hand no longer!

Though Satan's mighty legions fight,

The arm of God is stronger.

See! see! the Cross is raised;

The crescent droops before it;

The Pagan nations feel its power,

And prostrate ranks adore it.

Joy! joy! the Saviour reigns!

See prophecy fulfilling:

The heart of stubborn Jews relenting,

This image shows a vertical strip of aged, textured paper, possibly a book cover or endpaper. The paper has a mottled, yellowish-brown appearance with visible fibers and some minor staining or foxing. The right edge is dark and irregular, suggesting it might be part of a bound volume. There is no text or other markings on the strip.

Poetry.

A Father's Dream.

There was a lovely little flower,
I fondly hoped to rear;
I saw it at the matin hour,
It was expanding here.
I looked again—my flower was gone;
I knew it must be dead;
And put a robe of sackcloth on,
Strewed ashes on my head,
And sat me down to weep and wail,
That thus my flower had died;
And in my sorrow fell asleep—
There stood One by my side,
Who told me of my lovely flower,
And showed me where it grew,
Beyond the scorching summer's power,
Where winter never blows;
And told me He had taken it,
To that more genial sphere,
Because, in truth, it was not fit,
That it should wither here;
And said, "It was too sweet a thing
To bloom on earth for me,
For water from a purer spring,
Around its root must be;
And dwells, which always fall in heaven,
But never here below,
Must wash its leaves both morn and even,
Or it would never grow;
And it would have a tender care,
And truer love than mine;"
He pointed unto heaven, "And there,"
He said, "a hand Divine
Shall tend, and train thy flower for thee,
Till it is fully grown;
Then, come to harvest, and it shall be
Eternally thine own!"
And then he went away, my heart
Was calm and reconciled;
But gently yearning to depart
And join my blessed child;
And thinking of my pleasant dream,
In happy sleep I laze;
Both joy and grief were in my theme,
And both were on my tongue.
It was not quite a gloomy strain,
Nor quite a merry glee;
But a sweet mingling of the twin
In one deep melody.
I woke in tears—when soon were dry,
And knelt me down to pray;
And then I laid my ashes by,
And flung my weeds away.
British Magazine.

The Family Relation

Family Devotion.

In this busy and bustling age, no wonder if secular duties are allowed to crowd out those of a higher order. Indeed, I am myself acquainted with some, "who profess and call themselves Christians,"—men of business—who seldom or never attend morning devotions with their families. They think that they have a sufficient excuse in the supposition that their business would materially suffer by the delay; as if, were there a will, the family could not be brought together sufficiently early to remove this fancied objection. What means the reluctance which so many Christians appear to manifest, to take God at his word? "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

The following deeply interesting illustration of the blessedness of family prayer, before entering upon business, will, I hope, be read by many with profit.

"Said a pious tradesman (in England) to a clergyman:—When I first began business for myself, I was determined through grace, to be particularly conscientious with respect to family prayer.

"Accordingly, I persevered for many years in the delightful practice of domestic worship. Morning and evening every member of my family was ordered always to be present; nor would I allow my apprentices to be absent on any account. In a few years, the advantages of these engagements appeared manifestly conspicuous; the blessings of the upper and the nether springs followed me, health and happiness attended my family, and prosperity my business. At length, such was my rapid increase in trade, and the necessity of devoting every possible moment to my customers, that I began to occupy too much of our time in the morning.

Pious scruples arose respecting my intentions of relinquishing this part of my duty; but, at length worldly interests prevailed so far, as to induce me to excuse the attendance of my apprentices, and not long after, it was deemed advisable, for the more eager prosecution of our business, to make the prayer with my wife, when we arose in the morning, sufficient for the day. Notwithstanding the repeated checks of conscience that followed this omission, the calls of a flourishing family, appeared so imperious and commanding, that I found an easy excuse for this fatal evil, especially as I did not omit prayer altogether. My conscience was now almost seared with a hot iron, when it pleased the Lord to awaken me by a singular providence.

One day I received a letter from a young man who had formerly been my apprentice, previously to my omitting family prayer. Not doubting but I continued domestic worship, his letter was chiefly on this subject; it was couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms; but judge of my surprise and confusion, when I read these words: 'O, my dear master, never shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you inspired me in your family devotions. O, sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learnt there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner, it was there that I first knew the way of salvation, and there that I first experienced the preciousness of 'Christ

in me the hope of glory.' O, sir! permit me to say, never neglect those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls! I could read no further; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled—I shuddered—I was alarmed at the blood of my children and apprentices, that I apprehended was soon to be demanded at my soul-murdering hands!

Filled with confusion, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized—and but you can better conceive, than I describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke into my disconsolate soul; a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present, I have been faithful, and am determined, through grace, that whenever business becomes too large to interfere with family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business and retain my devotion; better to lose a few shillings, than to become the deliberate murderer of my family and the instrument of ruin to my soul."—*Christian Witness.*

The Old Arm Chair.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair;
I have treasured it long as a holy prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.
In childhood's hour I lingered near
The hallowed seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live,
She told me shams would never abide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to hush my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.
I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eyes grew dim, and her locks were grey;
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child;
My eyes rolled on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath, and throbbing brow;
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scolding tears start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it; and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

Miscellany.

Robert Pollok.

AUTHOR OF "THE COURSE OF TIME."
(From the New Statistical Account of Scotland.)

The Rev. Robert Pollok, the author of the celebrated poem, "The Course of Time," was a native of this parish, Eaglesham. His father, John Pollok, (aged eighty-two years,) is still alive. His mother was Margaret Dickie, from the parish of Fenwick. Her ancestors had for many generations been proprietors of a property called Horshill, in the above parish. The name of the former proprietors was Gemmel, the last of whom the grandmother of Mr. Pollok, was a female who married a person of the name of Dockie, of which marriage the mother of the bard was a daughter. This family suffered greatly during the persecution, and it was chiefly from the details of these sufferings, collected from the lips of his mother, that Mr. Pollok was led to the composition of that very interesting sketch, "The Persecuted Family." No trace of the period of Mr. Pollok's birth is to be found in the parish records. It appears, however, that he was born in the year 1799, at Muirhouse, a farm of about one hundred acres, scarcely three miles west of the village of Eaglesham, then and still in the possession of his father, John Pollok, a tenant of the Earl of Eglington. He was baptized by Mr. Thomson, Antiburgher minister at Meams.

Mr. Pollok obtained his early education at Langlee, at a school supplied by various teachers, who taught only for a stated period during the summer months, and returned in the winter to college. He was also for some time at a school at Newton-Mearns. At first he seems to have had no idea of pursuing the clerical profession. For some time he assisted his father on the farm, but, finding the laborious duties of an "upland farmer" to be too arduous for his feeble constitution, he resigned the sickle and the plough, and went to reside at Barrhead with David Young, a brother-in-law, for the purpose of learning the carpenter's trade; but, after fabricating with his own hands a few chairs and other trifling articles, he seems also to have sickened at the idea of sacrificing himself to the pursuit of a mere manual employment, and he accordingly found him next residing with his uncle Mr. David Dickie, at Fenwick, where he learned Latin and Greek under Mr. Fairlie, the present parish teacher. Mr. Pollok afterwards studied at the University of Glasgow, where after the usual curriculum, he took his degree of Masters of Arts. He studied theology in the same city under Dr. Dick, the Professor of Divinity for the United Secession Church. At this period he seems also to have attended the theological lectures of Professor Macgill in the University. In the spring of 1827, he was admitted by the United Associate Presbytery of Edinburgh, a licentiate of

the Secession Church, along with his brother, who still remains a preacher, belonging to that body. Mr. Pollok preached only once for Dr. Brown of Rose street Chapel, Edinburgh, and once or twice for Dr. Belfrage at St. Andrew.

The fatal disease, consumption, which was soon to terminate his earthly ministrations, and all other labors, was now settling down upon him. He went for a short time to reside in Aberdeen, but without any sensible improvement of his health, and therefore soon returned to the hospitable abode of his friend Dr. Belfrage. During Mr. Pollok's residence at St. Andrew, he was visited by many distinguished individuals, and received the advice and friendly intercourse of Dr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, and was also on intimate terms with the family of Dr. Monro, of the University of Edinburgh, who then possessed the pleasant villa of Craig-Lockhart, in the vicinity of St. Andrew. But in spite of every effort on the part of his friends and medical advisers, the symptoms of the disease continued to advance, and at length it became evident that the only chance of saving a life so valuable was a residence in Italy. The city of Pisa, in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, was the place selected for his residence. In the month of August, 1827, he left Scotland for the purpose of proceeding on his journey, accompanied by his sister, (now Mrs. Gilmour, residing in the village of Eaglesham,) from whom the author obtained most of the particulars here recorded. He proceeded first to Plymouth and then took up his residence near to Southampton. Here the symptoms increased so rapidly, that it was found impossible to proceed farther. The ill-fated bard continued to linger on till the 13th September, 1827, when he expired in the arms of his sister.

Mrs. Gilmour speaks highly of the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, rector of a parish in the neighborhood, and also of the attention paid to her brother by Mr. Lloyd of Dublin. These gentlemen frequently cheered and consoled him, by their presence and conversation, and occasionally brought grapes and such other delicacies as were thought to be most agreeable. Mr. Wilson conversed much with Mr. Pollok on spiritual matters, and seemed to take a deep interest in him. Mr. Pollok, during his illness, as may be supposed, exhibited every symptom of being a devout and sincere Christian. He was buried in the parish of Millbrook, Southampton, according to the English ritual. His mother died two years before, aged sixty-six. Of a writer so popular, and so justly admired as a poet, it is unnecessary to say more than that he holds an eminent place as a man of genius among the many eminent characters which his native country has produced. But at present it is our duty not so much to applaud his genius as to state a few statistical facts—all that can be expected in a limited report. His brother, the Rev. John Pollok, is now engaged in preparing memoirs of the poet, to be published in two volumes; the first volume to contain a life, and the second letters, posthumous poems, and other writings. Mrs. Gilmour states that "The Course of Time" emanated from the exuberant fancy of her brother in about two years; and also that the poet, about the period of its publication, destroyed all his more crude and early productions.

The Indians and the Steam-Boat.
"If any thing, ever did astonish the Indians, it was the steamer:—
"These poor and ignorant people, for the distance of 2,000 miles (up the Missouri river) had never before seen or heard of a steam-boat, and in some places they seemed at a loss to know what to do, or how to act; they had no name for it—so it was, like every thing else (with them) which is mysterious and unaccountable, called medicine (mystery). We had on board one twelve-pound cannon and three or four eight-pound swivels, which we were taking up to arm the Fur Company's Fort at the mouth of the Yellow Stone; and the approach to every village they were all discharged several times in rapid succession, and which threw the inhabitants into utter confusion and amazement—some of them threw their faces to the ground, and cried to the great Spirit—some shot their horses and dogs, and sacrificed them to appease the Great Spirit, whom they conceived was offended—some deserted their village, and ran to the tops of the bluffs some miles distant; and others, in some places, as the boat landed in front of their villages, came with great caution, and peeped over the bank of the river to see the fate of their chiefs whose duty it was (from the nature of their office) to approach us, whether friends or foes, and to go on board. Sometimes, in this plight, they were instantly thrown neck and heels over each other's heads and shoulders—men, women and children and dogs—sage, sachem old and young—all in a mass, at the frightful discharge of the steam from the escape-pipe which the captain of the boat let loose upon them for his own fun and amusement. There were many curious conjectures among their wise men, with regard to the nature and powers of the steam-boat. Among the Mandans, some called it the 'big thunder canoe'; for, when in the distance below the village they saw the lightning flash from its sides, and heard the thunder come from it; others called it was medicine (mystery) because they could not understand it; and it must have eyes for said they, 'it sees its own way, and takes the deep water in the middle of the channel.' They had no idea of the boat

being steered by the man at the wheel and well they might have been astonished at its taking the deepest water."—*G. Catlin.*

Strange Facts.

A Correspondent of the New York Evangelist brings appalling, if not "strange things to our ears." He states that in London and its environs, there are 1,400,000 souls for whose public instruction in the Sanctuary on the Sabbath, there is not the slightest provision made—there being but 680 places of worship for the whole; and all these, when entirely filled, not containing more than 640,000; as in the metropolis, so in the country, thickly peopled districts, are in a state of total destitution of evangelical light and knowledge, having neither church, chapel nor schoolhouse; and where there are churches, there are services but once a week or fortnight, which are a mere frigid exhibition of the liturgy, rites and ceremonies of the establishment; the lower classes of community are wickedly abandoned by the higher, to all the evils of the grossest ignorance and impiety, treated as the dray of creation, the serfs of the soil, blindfolded "dray horses in the machinery of society!"

The Romish Church.

The London Statesman of a recent date states as a fact, "that the most rapid intelligence is ever spread through the Romish Catholic Church of all that concerns its welfare or injury; that a profound system of organization prevails through the apostasy, even in its present temporal and political depression, calculated to produce the most tremendous and terrific results, were the occasion permitted by Providence that to apostasy for the resumption of its dread influence over the world." It adds that from their friends and correspondents in Rome "they have often heard that there the common affairs of Ireland were known and made matter of public conversation long before the arrival of the regular mails."

Provoking To Good Works.

The Catholics in St. John's Newfoundland, are making "united and astonishing exertions, toward the erection of a Cathedral; this has aroused and stimulated the slumbering Protestants to make arrangements for building new churches for their respective denominations. A Cathedral church is to be erected for the members of the church of England; and the Presbyterians, who have never yet had a house of worship nor minister, have determined to build, and secure a minister, to dispense to them the ordinances of the gospel. "Out of the ether comes forth mail, and out of the strong, sweetness."—*Rec.*

Duplicity of Slavery.

A colored brother who preached with us yesterday, and to whose discourse we all listened with unusual interest, who not three years ago was a slave, said, while in bondage, his master used frequently to say to him, do you want to be free? Do you want your liberty? And I answered by asking another; Why, should I want to be free for? This, said he, was sufficient to allay all his fears, and every thing would go on right again. But, said he, "I only said this to save my skin—to save my back from a merciless lash—or myself from being sold to a harder fate. And all this while, I sighed and mourned for freedom and liberty."—*E. Edmunds.*

Slavery in India.

Just before the last adjournment of Parliament, Lord Brougham called the attention of the House to the subject of slavery and the slave-trade.

After stating the law on the subject of slavery, and expressing his fears that British subjects had unwittingly exposed themselves to its penalties, by engaging in the slave-trade, his lordship read extracts from the report of the India law commissioners on the subject of slavery in India. These extracts gave instances of horrid and systematically planned murders for the sake of obtaining children to be sold into slavery. Lord Brougham, after reading the extracts, made an eloquent appeal to the Government to take steps to accelerate the abolition of such atrocities. The following extract, taken from a full report of Lord Brougham's statements, supplies the most valuable of the facts adduced by his lordship in bearing out his position of the enormity of the crime of slave dealing in India: and he read an extract from the report of the commissioners, which strikingly pointed out one of the consequences of slavery in India. The practice to which he alluded had only recently been brought to light, and described in a report to the commissioners by Major Sleeman. The description was under the head Megpunnaim, which this gentleman describes as a part of a notorious practice for the purpose of getting slaves. It is stated in his report: "This system of murdering indigent parents for their children has been flourishing since the siege of Bhurtoor in 1826, and the cause of their confining their deprecations to this class of people seems to have been the great demand they found for these children in all parts of the country, and the facility with which they inveigled their parents into their society. They were in the habit of disposing of the female children thus obtained for very large sums, to respectable natives, or to the prostitutes of the different cities they visited, and they found this system more lucrative than that of mur-

dering travelers in good circumstances, and less likely to be brought to the notice of the local authorities, as inquiries were seldom made after the victims by their surviving relations. These gangs, contrary to the customs of those whose proceedings are now so well known to us, invariably take their families with them on their expeditions; and the female members of the gang are employed as invigilators to win the confidence of the emigrant families they fall in with on the road. They introduce these families to the gang, and they are prevailed upon to accompany them to some place suitable for their designs upon them, where the parents are murdered by the men, while the women take care of the children. After throwing their bodies into the river or otherwise disposing of them, the men return to their women in the camp; and when the children inquire after their parents, they are told that they have sold them to certain members of the gang, and departed. If they appear to doubt the truth of these assertions, they are deterred from further inquiries by a threat of instant death. They are allowed to associate freely with the families of the murderers, and in a few days their grief subsides, and they become reconciled to their fate. The female children are either adopted by members of the gang, or sent in charge of the women, to be disposed of. They find a ready sale for them among the Brinjara, many of whom are connected with these gangs in their murderous trade, and all of them are well known in Upper India to traffic in children. These Brinjara re-sell the children to the prostitutes of the different cities, who soon become acquainted with the fate of their parents, and are much pleased to learn it, as it relieves them of all apprehension that they will ever come to reclaim them.

He then gives the examination of some of the wretches connected with these gangs of murderers. One of these outcasts says, "We call our trade, viz., murdering travelers for their children, megpunnaim." Another was asked, "Q. You have stated in your various depositions that you invariably preserve the children and sell them. Are you not afraid that these children will disclose the manner in which you got them, and thereby get you into trouble? A. We invariably murder our victims at night, first taking the precaution to put the children to sleep, and in the morning we tell them that we have purchased them from their parents, who have gone off and left them. Q. You seem to have been in the habit of selling children in all parts of the country; how have you avoided being apprehended? A. The children are seldom aware of the fate of their parents; and in general we sell them to the people very well acquainted with the nature of our proceedings."

John Randolph's Will.

The Washington correspondent of the Worcester Spy has the following in his letter of the 9th inst.

John Randolph's Will, by which his slaves were emancipated, is now, after some years, delay, before the Court of Appeals at Petersburg, Va. The validity of it is fiercely contested, and, on the ground of the insanity of the testator, it is expected that the Will will be annulled. I will note the progress of the case at another time.

Great efforts are making in Maryland to assemble a large convention of slaveholders of the State, at Annapolis, in January. The call seems to be based on two facts; first, the readiness with which vast and increasing numbers escape to the North, has rendered slave property very insecure; and 2d, the utter failure of the Colonization Society to remove even a tithe of those who have been emancipated, since 1836, when emancipation without colonization was forbidden by law, has aroused that Society and the eternal slavery party to devise means to force the free people of color to emigrate. "But we'll die before we will leave our native land, and go to the barbarous shores of Africa," said one of the proscribed race to me a few days ago. He was a man of wealth and great intelligence.

Indifferent Preaching.

An indifferent, careless state of mind, will most certainly produce such preaching. There is, in that case, no preparation of heart for the reception of the truth. Much of a discourse may be totally lost from the wanderings of that mind to a thousand absent objects. Satan will certainly set such a hearer at work about something besides getting good from the sermon, if he comes to the sanctuary with an unprepared mind. The hearing but a small portion of a sermon, and that partial, mixed up with a thousand worldly fancies, will prepare the way for some contemptuous feelings or expressions concerning what has been heard. The hearer's worldliness of mind, even if there be no direct opposition to the truth will cause him to undervalue the preaching. It may be precious as the gold of Ophir, but in the dimness of his vision he sees only brass where there is gold. He is an indifferent hearer, and that makes indifferent preaching.

THE ELEMENTS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, by F. W. L. D. H. D. This work is adapted to a text book in many of our colleges, and has an extensive sale.

THE SAME WORK, abridged, and adapted to the use of Schools and Academies, by the same author. Published by G. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 30 Washington street.

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